



THE WAKE

fortnightly student magazine

volume 23 - issue 10



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THE WAKE

fortnightly student magazine

VOLUME 23, ISSUE 10

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Established in 2002, The Wake is a fortnightly independent magazine and registered student organization produced by and for students at the University of Minnesota.

The Wake was founded by Chrin Ruen & James DeLong.

Disclaimer: The purpose of The Wake is to provide a forum in which students can voice their opinions. Opinions expressed in the magazine are not representative of the publication or university as a whole. To join the conversation email eic@wakemag.org.

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Emergence EP, I've Told the Tree Everything, Bright Futures, Work in Progress EP, Fine Ho Stay and Unheard EP all from original sources

Like to do art, poetry or anything creative ?

Send it to us!

We are looking for more creative submissions! Art, poetry, DIY coloring pages, photography or anything else you want to submit. Email art@wakemag.org for any of your fun and/or freaky submissions :)

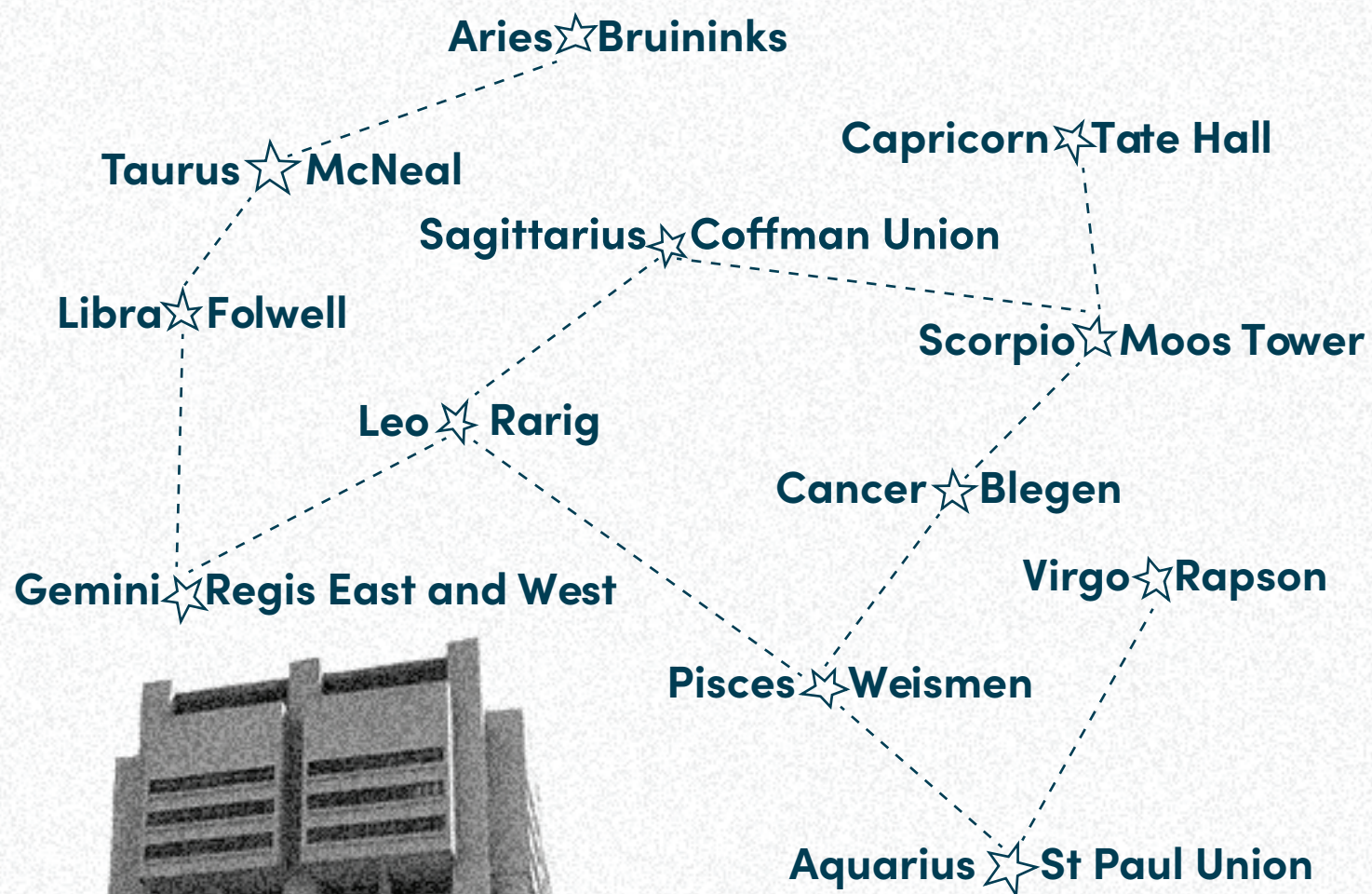
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Minneapolis, MN 55455



wink! one page magazine

UMN buildings as zodiac signs

Hello its me, the rare lesbian that knows nothing about zodiac signs! And yet I'm the one who gets to assign buildings a zodiac sign, buckle up buddy



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UPCOMING EVENTS

APR 11, APR 18

Sadie Barnette's "New Eagle Creek Saloon"

Thoroughly reimagined and fully operational, Barnette's bar-based art installation "New Eagle Creek Saloon" was built in the image of her father's bar, hoping to provide a radically welcoming place for Black and queer folks once again. Catch a drink, grab an ear, and enjoy the music.

The Walker
5-9 PM, 21+

APR 18 - 21

"The Cradle Will Rock"

Politically motivated and satirically slated, this show exposes corporate corruption in the light of shadow puppetry and puts the plight of the working class to musical theater. An Opera Theatre describes the show as an "exuberant, funny, and zesty tale of our time."

Heart of the Beast Theater
7 PM, pay as able

APR 11 - 25

43rd Minneapolis St. Paul International Film Festival (MSPIFF)

Offering around 200 films from over 100 diverse cultures and parties to panels with various directors, it's clear to see why MSPIFF is so prolific in the international art scene. Get educated, excited, immersed in everything from daring documentaries to experimental uhhhh... cinema?

The Main Cinema
Times and prices vary

APR 20

gramma's "EAT" Release Tour

With the queercore punk rock heating up to the hardcore heavy hitters, if gramma doesn't pull a crowd, then killusonline, Anita Velveeta, or Mystery Meat will. Stay home if you don't want to run the risk of getting trampled, because this concert will be packed and brutal.

Pillar Forum
7pm, tickets are \$10

APR 12

Identity Crisis 7" Lathe Release Show

Looking for a good time with strange names? Then you'll love an Identity Crisis and Getting Stabbed basement show, kicked off by Famine State and Bad Supremacy. Also being a benefit for Damien Records, this basement show will help out the hardcore scene two times over.

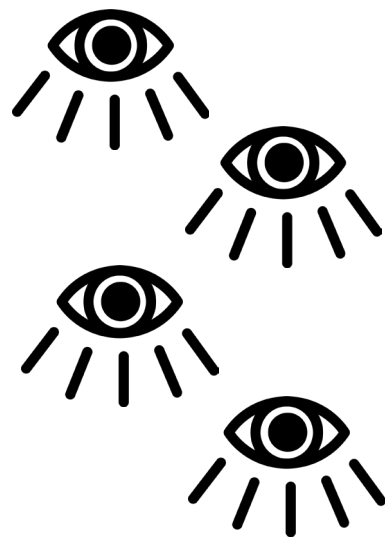
Como Backdoor
Doors at 6 PM and tickets are \$12

APR 20

Spring Jam 2024

With the backdrop of a beer garden and other festival fare, the Battle of the Bands finalists (Emily and the Space Butterflies, My Buddy Eric, the Gentlebrass, and Honey Tree, and Call Me Fritz) finally face off! Make sure your socks are firmly attached beforehand, otherwise they'll be rocked right off by the additional performances from WHY NOT, Flyana Boss, and Between Friends!

Lot 37 (behind Mariucci)
4:30pm, free entry for students



Letter from the Voices Intern

Dear Reader,

To introduce myself through the lens of writing, it's best I start from the beginning. Writing has been a complex beast for me from the moment I could choke words from a pencil. I remember being six years old, staring at a page, unsure of what to say. There were infinite possible answers, so how was I to know what the right one was? Even worse, anything I wrote was a choice I had made, a sequence of words unique to me. If whatever I put was "wrong" then, by translation, I was wrong as a person. Pile on the risk of spelling errors and I never stood a chance. This is to say that, until the age of 11, I was afraid of writing. Technically, this was a culmination of various fears—failure, judgment, vulnerability, etc.—but these factors ultimately created a 4th grader so full of shame and uncertainty she couldn't write a book report.

What crucial event ended my fear? Well, it would be pretty sweet if I experienced something awesome that taught me the importance of using my voice, but no, it was therapy. Apparently we're allowed to learn and grow from boring things! Accepting that life isn't black and white and people aren't watching my every move provided the necessary reassurance for me to put my pencil to paper and—more importantly—let others read my work. It's impossible for me to overstate the importance of this growth, as it allowed me to not just function as a student, but also become as... "verbose" as I am today (I never shut up).

Since then it's taken a lot of small steps for me to become who I am now, the type of person who can have their writing shared with strangers. Oddly enough, I wasn't even a writer when I joined The Wake. I arrived with no prior experience, earning my spot as an intern through a string of persistent encounters and polite emails. I showed up hungry, prepared to glean everything I could from the opportunity, eager to scrape some metaphorical bones clean. But still, no amount of wholesome earnestness can designate someone as a writer.

What exactly I was six months ago, I'm not sure, and only time can tell what I'll be when I leave. The one thing I know is that I won't be the same, but consistency was never the goal. If I embraced stagnation I would still be afraid and silent, unable to write. We have to welcome change because we CAN'T stay the same. Life will tear you to pieces and there is no way to put yourself back together in the order you were before. Time will make you different, but action can make you better. So go to therapy, switch majors, cry, call your mom, write a smattering of articles of varying quality, and then go to therapy again. Do whatever it is you've been wanting to do, just don't end up where you were in the beginning.

All my love,

Ashley Sudeta
Voices Intern



Art by Marie Ronnander

Free Muzzles Included with Every Student ID Card!

A Fight Against Political Repression On The UMN Campus.

BY JAY WALKER

From the Gaza Strip to the good ol' US of A, Israeli Slime Minister Yahoo's kill count grows by the hour: killing both countless Palestinians, and as it turns out, the freedoms and rights of Americans.

Unrelenting since October, Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) and several other student organizations to chip away at the Palestinian genocide currently underway. But the University of Minnesota's big wigs have placed the local chapter of SDS on academic probation abruptly on February 28 in a seemingly clear-cut attempt to repress their constitutional rights to speech and protest.

When asked for SDS' side of the story, a representative from the organization named Natalie concurred with that assessment, stating, "This came with no warning and with little to no reasoning... We see this as a targeted attack on the student movement." She then went on to explain that a reason the University provided was related to SDS violating their poster and flyer policy, a rather innocuous and minor infraction to place this group in specific on probation for. Not to mention, it likely being an excuse to penalize them for hitting the University where it hurts most: its blood-stained wallet. Natalie was quick to describe the sheer pointedness of the decision by explaining that SDS is the only group being penalized over this type of offense.

Around the time University Vice President Rachel Crook was playing hopscotch with Israeli Consul, Attila the Hun, SDS was scheduled to meet with UMN administration to reevaluate the academic probation.



However, the meeting was canceled about an hour before it was scheduled to occur, according to one activist I spoke to at an SDS action on Monday, March 18.

In a pinned statement on UMN SDS' instagram account (@umnsds) regarding their academically fruitful repression reads, "This comes after multiple instances of admin demanding to meet with us to discipline our organization." So which is it, UMN leadership? Do you want to meet or not? These rat-faced bastards sure as hell wouldn't allow some scheduling conflict to get in the way of their ass-kissing session with Baron Von Nazi now would they?

When asked of the effects these setbacks have had on troop morale within SDS, Natalie remarked, "We don't let it get to us," even adding, "it just fuels our fire."

Following the backhanded meeting with the Israeli diplomat, SDS had an emergency protest at the Student Union, which only allowed the larger UMN administration to invent new reasons to bitch about SDS' cause.

Another body of the administration, the Student Building Association, or whatever the hell it's called, raised concerns in a meeting with SDS on March 18 of them blocking accessibility entrances, saying several die-ins by SDS violated ADA accessibility rules. All things considered, this newfound interest in compliance with the Americans with Disabilities Act is refreshing given the countless buildings throughout the campus that are not accessible in the slightest. Half of the dust-filled dumps on campus require hailing a cab to find the damn wheelchair accessible entrance, assuming it is a building that has one.

Student building management was also quick to mention that the loud noise could have been disturbing to some people, even hurt someone's ears just a little, which begs another question entirely: do the sounds of bombs detonating and tank fire colliding with concrete bother Palestinian children? That is, the ones who still possess ears.

Truck on the UMN campus with led billboard that reads, " Hamas Rapes Women," and urging students to vote no on the divestment ballot question. Source: @umnsds (Instagram)

Another goal of SDS mentioned by Natalie is the attempt to divest the University away from Israel in terms of defense companies and study abroad programs, a goal that is a subject of a student ballot measure for which the student body voted on between March 18 - March 22. The results were made available on March 27, with 4,125 voters agreeing that yes the University should cut ties with "companies that are complicit in war crimes and human rights violations," 864 that voted no, and 523 that abstained.

At the University of Minnesota, this is the standard operating procedure. Out with the old, in with the old. Should it really take anyone by surprise that a university built on genocide continues to uphold genocide? As careerist, pig-sympathizer scumbags such as Joan Gavel move on to trample the rights of student activists elsewhere, all the students are left with are essentially replacements in the form of that interim idiot Ettinger and genocide-complicit Croson.

Here's my proposal for a new UMN motto: "Blood for Blood's Sake." 🐾



Women's sports are in a League of Their Own

Everyone is watching women's sports, where are you?

BY ZOË MEYER

In a moment of true weakness the other day, I scrolled through my high school finsta account, something that does not need to see the light of day ever again. After cringing at too many bad selfies and memes that 15-year-old me thought were acceptable, I landed on screenshots of an argument I had with a classmate over Instagram DMs, about whether WNBA players should get paid the same as NBA players. Looking back on the argument, I get what he was saying: women's sports were not bringing in the media attention and audience that mens sports were. My question to him was: why?

Growing up I played almost every sport available including year-round basketball from third grade through high school. Sports were a pillar of my personality, and yet I had no female role models for sports. Not because there were not outstanding tremendous female athletes, but because women's sports were not widely available or talked about, and when they were, it was about the attractiveness of the athletes. To watch the WNBA games I would need 30 different d-list cable channels and, as someone who grew up with PBS Kids Go as the only available TV channel, this was out of the question.

I vividly remember watching the USWNTs run at the 2019 World Cup sitting in my mom's friend's pool lounge in LA on a trip to visit colleges. I watched Megan Rapinoe, Tobin Heath, Kelley O'Hara, and the rest of the US team dominate the whole tournament and win the cup. Seeing women—especially queer women—at the forefront of sports that summer was a moment I will never forget.

The last article I wrote for The Wake was about the LSU and Iowa final in last year's March Madness, and I promise I have opinions on things that are not women's sports, but for right now, indulge me in my interests.

A few weeks ago I saw an advertisement for the upcoming March Madness tournament; I was nearly in tears when I saw the women's tournament being promoted right alongside the mens. Maybe it was just because sports has a soft spot in my heart, but I know seeing that advertisement as a kid would have done a lot for me. Just a few days later, I was informed that a new women's sports bar, called "A Bar of Their Own", was opening up here in Minneapolis. Even though I am a Wisconsinite, I have never been more excited to go to a bar than I was at that moment.

A Bar of Their Own has everything you could want out of a bar: lesbians, exceptional nachos, a women and queer-owned beer list, and, of course, over 10 screens showing all kinds of women's sports. I was in my happy place, surrounded by people that were just as invested in the games, players, and drama (the queer interdating of women's soccer goes crazy) as I was.

A Bar of Their Own is not the first women's sports bar in the country, and it will not be the last. It is coming at a surge of attention to women's sports, at both the collegiate and professional level. And this is on top of a huge year for US women's sports, such as Coco Gauffs' win at the US Open, the mass viewership of the FIFA World Cup, the debut of the first professional women's hockey league in the US, and the excitement

for the upcoming Olympics with standouts like Simone Biles and Sha'Carri Richardson. Women's sports are here, and they're here to stay.

As this year's March Madness begins to unfold, I am yet again apologizing to my friends and family for watching 10-plus hours of basketball every day for the next few weeks. Yet, this year, it will be for the women's side. So far, the women's final four has sold six times as many tickets as the men's side, and Shaq said it best when he said, "the women players are kicking the men's butts... it's just a better game, just more competitive". Even with the women's side getting more media attention and selling a higher number of tickets, it's still nearly impossible to watch the games without multiple cable channels, whereas men's games are available on the NCAA app and HBO Max. This is why bars like A Bar of Their Own are so important: they create a safe and accessible space for women—especially queer women—to enjoy these sports.

As stars like Caitlin Clark, Angel Reese, Paige Bueckers (and honestly all of South Carolina ball out), I'll be here, at A Bar of Their Own, watching every minute. 🐾

You Can Find Me in the Corner

Guarding My Soul From the Prying Eyes of Strangers

BY AMINA AHMED

As someone who has previously advocated heavily on venturing beyond our comfort zone, the following contents may be a tad hypocritical. However, I am also a firm believer that binaries in thought are reductive and small-minded. Thus, it should come as no surprise when I tell you that sometimes... it is perfectly acceptable to recoil from the unknown. These uncharted territories are undeniably frightening and confusing, and sometimes, we are just not ready to handle them. I'll be the first to say that every now and then I'm a bit of a wimp! I still have one of my siblings take the spider out of my room, I'd have to be knocked out in order to sky-dive, but, most of all, I'm afraid of speaking—especially to people I've never met before.

I've always found speaking to be difficult. People could simply come up with what they wished to convey on the spot, and that was something I never understood. With an endless pool of words to choose from, I never quite got the hang of picking the right ones that I wanted to say. Sure, maybe there is no right way of saying something, but whatever I vocalize on the spot never seems to fully encompass what I mean to say (hence, here I am, using my preferred mode of communication: writing). This difficulty of mine is only amplified around strangers due to the worst imaginable socio-cultural creation by humankind yet: small talk. The surface-level and ambiguous nature of the conversation is simply unsettling; there's no way for me to know whether or not you truly care to hear about my day or not.

Small-talk has always been a pet-peeve of mine, even from a young age. In the Oromo community, greetings would often take this form, but I never understood the point of the conversation since it was just repeated surface-level questions

answered with equally surface-level enthusiasm. Speaking was just as difficult for me in the Oromo tongue as it was in English because of the ambiguous nature of the underlying meanings that I couldn't always understand.

Why not bypass the frivolous conversation and speak in honest terms from the start? In an ideal world where social interactions catered to overthinkers like me, I wish there was an unspoken contract to new friendships. For instance, pinky-promise me that you'll be honest on how your day went, and I promise to eagerly listen and tell you my genuine thoughts. Or tell me about your greatest passions of the world, and I'll tell you about my dreams at night. Heck, if we want to have a juicy gossip session, tell me your deepest darkest secret and I'll tell you mine. However, the thing about relationships in this society is that there is no contract or guarantee. There's no way for me to ensure that you are putting in as much effort and vulnerability into this as I am. It is a gamble to

reveal the ugliness of ourselves and hope the other doesn't run away, and that is simply a risk I'm not willing to take.

And so, I think that is why speaking is so difficult for me. Not only because of the endless possible combinations of words, but also the access to your soul that speaking provides. My thoughts and emotions would be on display for others to gawk and judge. And I know that's the pessimistic side of me speaking—not every person on this Earth would recoil at who I am, but the possibility of it is still frightening. So for now, I am throwing in the towel. I am choosing my words carefully behind a screen and selecting those who can and cannot have access to me. The person that I am now simply isn't ready to wear her treasured thoughts and emotions on her sleeve, but maybe one day I will become the person that does.



The Utility of Estate Sales

Your guide to a promising post-mortem market

BY QUINN MCCLURG

I asked my roommate and boyfriend, "Why should media have bad Besides its philosophical experience, what I'll be thinking about most while dying is what my estate sale will look like. I regularly attend these post-mortem open-houses, but I'm always surprised by how few folks understand their utility. Here's a quick guide for perfectly plundering these oft-forgot grave goods.

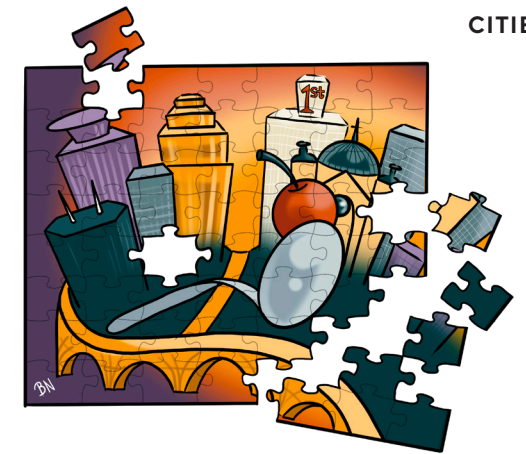
Before You Head Out, Scope it Out: Sometimes a listing will tell you all you need to know—I'm talking about the scammers, the upsellers, and the out-of-touch. Warning signs include large companies with generic names, listing only luxury brands, and super removed suburbs (i.e. Stillwater). All-in-all, it's mostly trial and error, but usually one item's pricing can tell you all you need to know.

You Won't Strike "Treasure" Every Time: Most estate sales are nothing more than garden tools, tattered clothes, and knock-off Precious Moments. This is perfect—you aren't looking to flip Caravaggio's, you're looking to survive! Grab that kitchenware, clothes, and the otherwise pricey tools that everyone else overlooks.

Be Steady for the Unsavory: Let's face it: most folks rich enough to afford an "estate" and old enough to die will leave behind a lot of problematic possessions. When encountering aggressive appropriation, you can always exit. If you're braver than I, pick a fight with the sale's attendants to make sure these disgraces end up in dumpsters.

Sundays are for the Sabbath (But Mostly for the Steal): As the last day for most sales, Sundays mean that everything's gotta go, usually being 50% off. The over-expensive becomes affordable; the reasonably priced now feels like robbery. Plus, with the conventional cliques at church, crowds are a lot thinner; and all the most unconventional odds-and-ends are left for your satisfaction. Exemplary finds: A handmade lace bridal gown (less than a dollar); a lifetime supply of boot- and leather-care materials (\$5); a mysterious brass-and-bone orb (\$2.50).

Interrogation Opportunities: If you're inquisitive, eight times out of 10 you'll be able to glean the entire life story of the dearly departed from the attendants. If you're daring, feel free to use this opportunity to sweet talk your way to a discount... just don't make any promises that you can't keep—flirtatious, financial, or otherwise.



Something Is Taking Over Breweries Across The Twin Cities

And why it's what you would least expect

BY GABRIEL MATIAS CASTILHO

What comes to your mind when you hear the word "brewery"? Beer? Friends? What about speed puzzling?

Since February, select breweries around the Twin Cities have hosted the Jigsaw Puzzle Competition, where groups of two or four people challenge other groups on who can complete a jigsaw puzzle the fastest. The event is held by none other than Sarah Schuler—nicknamed as Sarah Does Puzzles—who is currently ranked number 13 nationally in speed puzzling. At least once every week Sarah hosts a casual speed puzzling competition, and they almost always get sold out immediately.

But there is nothing casual about this event, as teams employ complex techniques in the struggle to finish first. On March 3, the day I visited the event, Julia Salzman and Laura West, two middle-aged moms who met through their daughters, finished their puzzle first. They separated the 300-piece puzzle into separate little "projects". Other competitors employed different techniques, such as using sorting trays to separate the pieces by color. Amanda Rice and Sarah Thor, who competed together for the second time on that day, employed this technique, ending in third place.

Techniques aside, this event is a real deep dive into the world of speed puzzling. As for myself, I have always had a history with jigsaw puzzles—my uncle has a collection of more than five 3000-piece puzzles hanging on the walls of his house. As a result, I knew I was super excited to visit the event, but I had no idea that there was a competitive world of speed puzzling, or even an association that backs it like the Jigsaw Puzzle Association. I was so lucky to have learned about it from the association's number-one herself, Lauren Sheridan, who was there and was helping Sarah with the event.

Hopefully more people can discover more about this sport that Sarah loves so much; it will make completing puzzles a less puzzling idea!

To get to know more about the event, scan the QR code below!



Untitled

By Jean Poole

In this life, I have only known love when
it comes with loss or death.
Perpetually waiting for the rain to stop, or the laundry to dry, or the
bleeding to clot, or for someone who isn't coming home.
So I make coffee for one and
forget about the love in a table set for two.
Someday I will plant a tree for every cigarette I have smoked and hold
my mother until all the scars heal.
Until I learn to live peacefully, I will live the only way I know how. In my
next life, the counters have ring stains and
the fruit is cut for sharing.
I don't know which floorboards creak and
I haven't flinched in years.

Student Discontent with the U.S. Political System



With our choices for president
looking awfully familiar, we want-
ed to ask students if they're as dis-
gruntled with voting as everybody
else seems to be.

By: Joshua Kloss

Haven't we been here before?

Four years ago we were faced with the exact same two candidates who are now on the ballot for 2024. Time is a funny thing; it feels like we're right back to where we started. Biden versus Trump. Again.

Except a lot has happened since 2020, and voters seem to be paying attention to different key issues when deciding who to vote for. Specifically, one such trend emerging from states like Minnesota and Michigan is the rush to vote 'uncommitted,' in the primaries, reflecting voters' upset with Biden's failure to call for a permanent ceasefire in Gaza. According to polling results from the Associated Press, Joe Biden received 70.7% of the votes in Minnesota's presidential primary election on March 5. The runner-up was 'uncommitted,' which yielded 18.9% ---almost 19%--- of the votes. This means that about one in five Minnesota Democrat voters opted for 'uncommitted.' National Public Radio notes that that's a higher percentage of votes than Michigan saw in their primary, where 'uncommitted,' got 13% of the votes. The (almost) 19% uncommitted vote was also considered a win for the grassroots group Uncommitted Minnesota, who said that their goal was 5,000 uncommitted votes.

Is Biden listening? Maybe. Though calling for a ceasefire, Biden is quite late to the game, failing to call for any sort of ceasefire only until earlier this month. Meanwhile, other countries have been pushing for one. Furthermore, in a recent Instagram post, Biden shared his ongoing support for the state of Israel, and affirmed their right to go after Hamas. Nonetheless, his swift choice to adopt a ceasefire resolution seems to reflect a bit of wor-



ry on his campaign team's part, perhaps due to the recent trend to vote uncommitted. Kamala Harris, on the other hand, called for only a temporary ceasefire, conveniently letting the issue span out election season. Further discontent with Biden's politics can be seen in his going against the policies he initially ran on in 2020, among such

being his anti-immigration sentiments such as expanding the border wall, or the innumerable oil drilling projects signed under his presidency so far.

Now I know nobody asked the features editor, but I'm a bit disgruntled at where we ended up as a country, in light of the next election that looms just around the corner. And it's a sneaking suspicion of mine that other people might feel the same way. I can pull innumerable personal anecdotes from past conversations with friends, family, and maybe even enemies who shared sentiments along the lines of "I don't like either candidate," or, "I'm just not voting if we end up with those two again." And it's not like criticisms of the electoral college are new, either: it's easy to recall just how upset people across the country were when Clinton lost to Trump in 2016 in terms of electoral votes, despite Clinton securing more of the popular vote than Trump did.

But enough of what I think or what I remember people having said to me in past conversations. I'm curious if this feeling, this general lack of trust for the U.S. political system, is indeed a shared sentiment among students here at the U; especially after many students just voted in the primaries. Did students opt to vote uncommitted, too? And, in light of

being left with the same two candidates as we were in 2020, are students feeling as disgruntled as I am? After all, students have always been an instrumental force in sparking change in this country, examples of which I can point to anti-war protests across campuses in the 70s, and even now the remarkable liveliness of clubs like the SDS across the country. There's a reason that police show up when protests are organized on-campus and other public sectors: they know the power of the people, and they're terrified of it. This is why so many efforts from the government—from conservatives and liberals alike—have focused on silencing people. At some point the government shifted from 'representing all people,' to blatantly ignoring them; and although it might seem like no one's listening, we are. In the interest of representing people's sentiments, The Wake polled students at the U on their opinions about the upcoming presidential elections.

Among those who filled out the survey, there was a fairly even split between those who voted and those who did not on March 5; around 51% of respondents said that they did vote, whereas about 48% said they did not. Of those who did vote, a little less than a third voted 'uncommitted.'

A much less divided response pool came about when asked, "Did it surprise you at all that the



candidates for the Republican and Democratic parties ended up being the same as they were in 2020?" Only two respondents indicated that they were surprised by the results, whereas the remaining 93% of respondents indicated no such surprise. Nearly 80% of poll participants also answered "Yes," when asked if they felt "disgruntled at all with the U.S. political system." But why is that?

When asked to elaborate, students shared a myriad of reasonings. One student noted that "we have rampant neoliberalism or facism to choose from." Many students expressed sentiment that the electoral college and the ways in which elections are run do not serve the interests of the American people: many responses said that the electoral college is something that we as a country have "outgrown." Other students expressed dire want for ranked choice voting, which would open up the presidency to third-party candidates. Perhaps most pertinent of the issues expressed in student responses is the concern that we don't operate on direct democracy, given that the electoral college is more in control of presidential candidates than the popular vote, and that voters are so often forced to choose in a two-party system.

This, of course, raises bigger concerns about the efficacy of voting; if voters feel that their vote has no power, then participation in voting is sure to decline. And yet, half of the respondents who did vote—52.6% of voters that took the form—said that they felt good about themselves / accomplished after having voted on March 5. And, nearly two-thirds of total respondents said "Yes," when asked if they feel that their personal vote has efficacy, or that their individual voice makes a difference in political outcomes.

Not underscoring the value of getting out to vote, it is interesting to consider why some students answered "No," to the efficacy question. For some, voting only seems to make marginal statistical

differences. Others indicate that they feel more empowered in their vote when participating in more local elections, rather than national ones.

One response that I personally want to highlight comes from somebody who claims to be a poll worker: "At polling places, we have access to see the percentage of people who are registered to vote compared to who actually showed up... Numerous times I have personally seen the difference between an initiative passing and not only by a handful of votes. It is important to voice your opinions in our elections, even if the system is flawed."

Indeed, it is a flawed system. But neither are we here to underscore the importance of participating in it, either. Calling attention to that last part of the quote, consider the impact 'uncommitted,' voters had on Biden's stance on a ceasefire. In that sense, voting can have an impact, you just need to get creative with it.

Maybe one day the whole system will collapse, or be dismantled. Or maybe we'll be choosing between eighty-year-olds until the whole planet burns. Either way, the importance of making your voice heard still stands true. Maybe that isn't by voting—maybe you make your voice heard in other ways, like rallying for causes you support or writing your legislators. Nonetheless, students are a powerful force to be reckoned with.

You, dear reader, are a force to be reckoned with; don't you forget it. Your voice is only powerless should you forget its power. On that note, try and get to the polls in November, okay?



On Being/ Feeling Ugly

Look at little goblin junior...you gonna cry?

BY GABRIEL MATIAS CASTILHO

You know in those really bad days when your mind goes into blaming mode? When you get rejected by someone you like and you don't know why, or turned down at a job interview and are not given a reason? That exact moment when you vent to your friend you feel this all happened just because you are ugly and undesirable ... and then they tell you, "but you are beautiful," but deep down, you don't feel that way?

No, friend, telling me I am beautiful or look great does not make me feel better. I am self-conscious enough to know this is a lie and that I do not hit the societal standards that make me desirable. I, in all actuality, live in the same society as you: the society that puts attractive people on a pedestal, but mocks and bullies you if you point out that this glorification exists.

"Oh, look at little goblin junior...you gonna cry?"

I can cry, but why? Let's put repressed thoughts into words: people care about your looks. In fact, more than that: people judge you based on how you look. What is the use of fooling ourselves into saying appearances are irrelevant in the social context when, in practice, society was built that way?

For example, people are systematically disenfranchised based on their appearance. Don't trust me? Trust Robert Cialdini and Brad Sagarin, two social influence scholars who noticed we

underestimate the size and reach of the good-looking advantage. Trust other scholars such as Shelly Chaiken, Hendrick Clyde, Peter Benson, Stuart Karabenick and Richard Lerner, who saw socially-agreed attractive individuals were more persuasive both in terms of changing attitudes and in terms of getting what they requested. Simply being good-looking is an innate persuasive trait.

Looking for concrete examples? In the competitive broadcast world, if you don't have a TV face, you will hardly be hired for an anchor position. What if you want to establish a social media influencer career and you do not look desirable (as per societal standards)? Trust me: there will be additional obstacles you will have to face. For example, you might not even want to show your face. With internet traffic being run by sexual desire-seeking algorithms, it becomes much harder for people to grow, and people really underestimate the power of looks in this situation.

Recently, Massachusetts-based multi-genre band "Spinal Severance Package" wrote on Threads that "nothing is more irritating than a young, attractive musician, who creates the exact same type of cookie cutter bs music that dominates the mainstream right now, trying to tell other musicians how easy it is to get attention and streams and listeners." The bottom line is: if you do not conform to the rules created by society, it will be harder for you to succeed, and this has been a very old tale.

But when we point out this inequality, it is understood as an emotional failure on our part. It is perceived as a "lack of self-love" that is projected and targets others. It is captured as an offense and is reductive, as if the person's success was mostly due to their looks. You know... what if it was? Person getting offended, will you ever acknowledge that?

Of course they will not. It is one of their sources of power. It is the leverage they will always hold against you. Once you have a fight and the group splits up, they can use this leverage to pull the majority of people away from you. Prettier people are more persuasive, and unless you are the manipulative master, you will be in a disadvantageous position—which is paradoxical, because nobody likes a manipulative person. It is actually a trap.

But go on, keep telling everybody else looks do not matter.

They do not matter for you, who has never had a problem with that.

Look around. Understand your privilege. Learn empathy.



The Objects of Our Lives

Animating the Inanimate

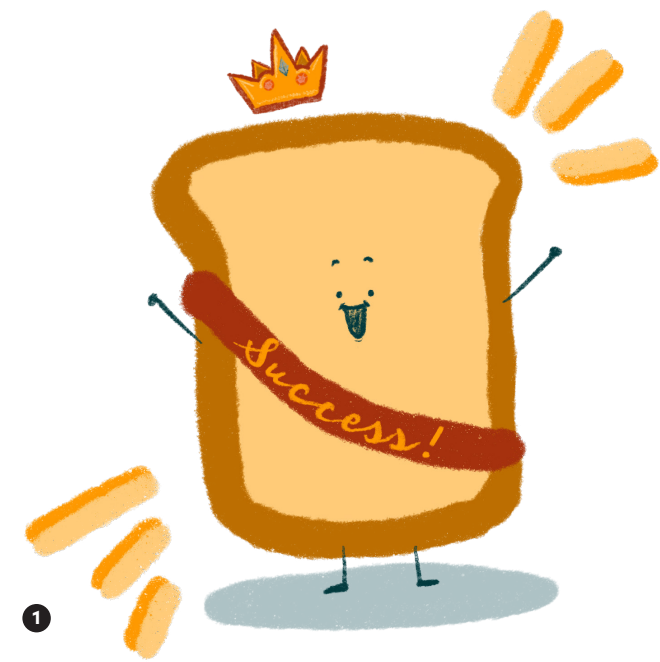
BY DEVNA PANDA

Walking into the gift shop, I was desperate to find a useful matching souvenir for each of my roommates. I had already spent a couple hours in a few tourist-trap type stores when all I wanted to do with my remaining time in Budapest was stroll around the enchanting city for what was likely the last day that I would be there for a while. I had put off this task until the morning of my last day, but my hopes were high inside that store I had decided would be my last stop. Within a few minutes, I purchased four shot glasses that had a view of the Budapest cityscape emblazoned on them.

Those 44 milliliter glasses made the eleven hour journey back with me from a charming alley in Budapest to a college campus on the other side of the world. From a foreign object on a shelf to a staple of every night out, the shot glasses reminded me of the significance that objects carry in our lives each time I notice them scattered across our dining room table the morning after.

These glasses are not the only objects exhibiting this phenomenon. The bright red nail polish I bought from the Dinkytown Target reminds me of a time when I was searching for a tiny way to spice up the mundanity of regular life. The string bracelets with the baby turtle charm that my childhood best friends and I all bought when we visited Matlacha Island. And the outfit I wore when taking my MATH 2573 final that went well still makes me feel like I have some sort of extra luck about me when I put it on.

The objects we come to take for granted, using them day in and day out, carry so much life of their own. By being witness to the love and emotion in our life, we transform these objects from mere lifeless items to near sentient beings.



Opening the (Oven) Door to Your Passions

Making time to challenge yourself in a challenging world

BY WREN FARRELL

So, you're finally in college. Gone are the days of pre-planned class periods and buzzing bells: you're free to do as you wish! With all this extra time, you should start a new hobby. Maybe it's time to give bread-making a try... But hey, you've got a stressful week ahead of you: two extra-long shifts at work, a group project, and an exam. Keeping it simple and studying instead might be best. Of course, you can reward yourself with a comfy hobby when you get home, perhaps by reading that poetry collection your friend lent you or watching "Frasier."

Alas, after two-too-many episodes and an hour of disinterested page-flipping, you're left with a feeling of damp dissatisfaction. You normally love this season, and your friend gave this book a glowing review. What gives?

Well, especially during times of stress, we settle into familiar—if not particularly fulfilling—patterns. Inside the oven of our hearts, we're burning for something, anything new. But with life, school, and work trapping us in comfort-survival mode, what can we possibly hope to change? In this state, starting a new commitment—even something as awesome as a sourdough starter—doesn't seem worth the effort.

Why is that? Isn't repeating the same tired routine, day-in and day-out, even more exhausting? Perhaps we owe it to ourselves to try something different. Indeed, just as dough must be kneaded to properly rise, so must we, as people, stretch beyond our limits to grow.

So, if you ever find yourself settling for stale hobbies, stoke those feelings of frustration. That heat your heart is turning up should tell you one thing: you're unhappy, baby. Once you've established your once-Hedonistic habits no longer bring joy, it's easier to make time for the things you truly love: like sinking your fingers into that sweet, sweet dough.

Imagining Reality

The fundamental choice between dreams and reality

BY JASON CHANG

Imagination is one of the fundamental joys of life. It's one reason people long for the freedom of childhood, where imaginations run amuck, untethered to reason, with days spent in our minds, soaring unburdened above wispy white clouds. Yet imagination and reality are often at odds, and their incompatibility means there comes a time when one must make a choice.

In physics, there is a concept called superposition. Simply put, before an observation is made, a single particle exists at all possible locations, in all possible states. Schrodinger's cat is both alive and dead and everywhere in between—the potential for any reality exists. But make the choice to observe, and the particle collapses all of these possibilities into one true reality. Everything that could be falls away as you find out what is.

You see, imagination derives its power from the unknown. It draws upon the infinite possibilities, not compressed into reality. It is fueled by the not-knowing, as in the absence of knowledge, it cannot be constrained by the bounds of reality. However, the choice to observe is irreversible. Once you decide to find out, then you know; you have opened Pandora's box and you can't ever "un-know" what you have learned. Now that's great if Mr. Whiskers is still alive and kicking, but he might not appreciate it too much if he ends up dead. And as you decide to find out more and more, you slowly lose the ability to imagine freely as your imagination gets more and more bound by reality, stuffed tighter and tighter into the confines of the box you've constructed.



This is relevant for something as simple as watching your favorite TV show. Before you've watched the finale, there are a billion possible endings playing out in your mind, each one as equally possible as the next. The lack of certainty fuels boundless excitement as we dream across the limitless space of infinite possibilities. Yet we take the plunge. We take that ability to dream away from ourselves, knowing full well that the reality might not be as good as we imagined. I think perhaps that's why we so often watch and rewatch our favorite shows, trying to chase the feeling of that first time. But no matter how we try, we can never seem to catch it. We can't go back. Our imagination is no longer unabated and we've lost the ability to fully dream.

So what's the answer? Should we simply live in naivety for eternity, never finding out anything for sure in fear of clipping our wings in the process? I don't think so. Trying to convince yourself that reality is better than imagination is hard, but I still want to try.

Reality can offer things imagination cannot. Imagination can never simulate the feel of the ocean waves washing away the grains of sand from between your toes or the butterflies in your stomach when someone says I love you for the first time. Moreover, imagination is intrinsically an activity of isolation. Imagination lies in a space

wholly inaccessible to anyone else. But reality is experienced together. Everything from the smell of the woody smoke from the distant campfire to the way the amber glow from the streetlight glints off the rippling surface of the water is something you all can share. And in those moments life doesn't have to be so lonely.

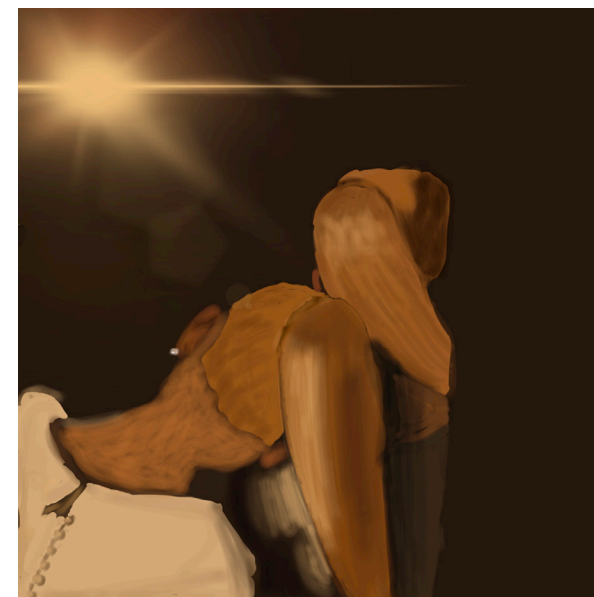
Sure, reality might not always be as perfect as we may dream. In fact, it usually is not. But if we live our whole lives in fear that reality might not be what we dreamed, we'll never truly live. For every pursuit of something real, we must sacrifice potential. We take away the opportunity to dream for a chance to know. But the more I live—the higher highs I taste and the lower lows I endure—the more I am sure that the tradeoff is worth it. Even if most of the time I'm disappointed, it's all worth it for the times I'm not. When reality is bigger and better than I could have ever imagined. And even if those moments don't last, I am willing to sacrifice my ability to dream for even a chance to truly grasp something real, even for a second.

Our Debate Over Tony Stark's Grave

Why Should Media Have Bad Endings?

BY NIKITHA MANNEM

I asked my roommate and boyfriend, "Why should media have bad endings?" My roommate responded, "Because there have to be stakes. If there's no threat of a bad ending, then there's no meaning." "Isn't that a plot? There's always tension that drives the plot forward," I rebutted. "It's not just the tension of the outcome, but more the character development through a well-written plot," my boyfriend chimed in. "But if you go into a movie or something knowing that the ending will be good, then what's the point? It becomes boring. There has to be the possibility of an unsatisfying ending." My roommate continued. "I don't think that's true," I said. "There are people who only watch movies with good endings. They get enjoyment from the interesting plot." My boyfriend used Tony Stark's death in Marvel's "Infinity War" as a key argument. "It was sad that he died in the end, but people were okay with it because he grew so much as a person." I hitched onto his words. "He went from putting himself before the peace of the world to the peace of the world before himself, losing his family. It solidified him as a true hero even though his ending was sad. But the overall ending wasn't even bad, the good guys still won." We continued talking in circles about it, eventually realizing we were debating personal opinions. There was no real answer to my question, but I think that's how it's supposed to be. Books, shows, movies, etc. don't "have" to end in a certain way. They're an expression of art, an expansion of the world inside the person creating it. The neutral consensus was: if the plot lent something new to the consumer then the ending was a good one, no matter the emotional damage.



Wiping Away the Clown Paint

You're more than the laughs

BY ASHLEY SUDETA

"Moderation" is a word capable of pushing me to my limit. Almost every behavior must be curtailed to some degree, but this rule of thumb usually applies to the most fun habits. The list of things that are healthy to be done at full throttle is devastatingly short, and I'm about to make it even shorter by telling you one thing: you can't try to be funny all the time. Humor is important; it's a tool for spreading joy and sharing perspectives. Yet like so many other vital things, it can be damaging in excess. This is a PSA stating that you're so much more than just a clown.

"The funny friend" has become an archetype, describing someone who frequently tells jokes, often to mask a deep sadness. In fact, comedy and mental health struggles have come to be seen as linked. One example of this is the aptly named "sad clown paradox," which describes how many comedians suffer from depression and anxiety, sometimes stemming from a traumatic childhood. Humor allows these individuals to gain acceptance and soothe their anxieties. Many people use comedy as a method of coping with their issues, but at what point does this practice cross over into being harmful?

I cannot answer this question, as it's something every individual must personally reflect on. Ask if you degrade yourself through humor. Not just in what you say, but in the act of saying it at all. Do you tell yourself that jokes are all you are good for? You must learn to recognize yourself as a person with value outside of comedic purposes. Behind the clown paint is someone who is intelligent, respectable, and deserves to be taken seriously. My advice is to use humor in the same way one should consume chocolate—liberally, but being sure to stop before the point of sickness.

SIX
REVIEWS


Unheard EP

Hozier

BY MARIE RONNANDER

Hozier wrote his third album, “Unreal Unearth,” beneath the shivering isolation of COVID-19. Keeping true to his blues roots, he howls, hums, and hollers into extended metaphors with an eclectic mix of guitar twangs and booming baselines. The track outlines three of the circles of Hell from Dante’s “Inferno”: gluttony, limbo, and violence, along with the ascent.

Unheard is the four-song EP to this last album. Each song nestles into the set theme, “Too Sweet” falling under gluttony, “Wildflower and Barley” as limbo, “Empire Now” as violence, and “Fare Well” as the ascent from darkness. They’re fringe songs that escape the boundaries of an album; each of them casting a vastly different light on Hozier’s musical ability.

The first song, “Too Sweet” is a clever, fast-paced romance entrenching our senses with the bitter tastes of coffee, the acrid smell of smoke, and the vast depths of an Irish lake. “Wildflower and Barley” is a slowed folk ballad that begs for a future outside of the confinement of a pandemic. Taking a sharp turn, “Empire Now” is the fiery hope that today’s martyrs will catalyze a better future. Lastly, “Fare Well” is the gentle, wise warning to those who find pleasure in masochism. 




Eternal Sunshine

Ariana Grande

BY SOPHIA GOETZ

For one of the top musicians in music, Ariana Grande has had a relatively quiet three and a half years. She became almost universally known after launching her musical career in 2013 with superhuman speed and releasing six albums in less than seven years (a formidable record for anyone whose name doesn’t involve Swift or Prince). She also went on constant tours, launched multimillion-dollar brands, amassed over a billion Spotify plays, and became one of the most powerful figures on social media.

Since Grande got married and divorced since the release of her last album, the resulting emotions are evident in the music and lyrics of this album. Still, they are also universal enough to relate to everyone who has ever experienced love, marriage, or heartbreak. Love, loss, lust, rage, infatuation, betrayal, and grief are all present, as is the struggle to conform to the expectations of others. Some of the album’s most cogent lines include: “Now she’s in my bed laying on your chest/ Now I’m in my head wondering how this ends”; “I fall asleep crying/ You turn up the TV”; “Spent so much on therapy; blamed my own codependency”; and the fantastic line “You played me like Atari” receive a throwback video game sound effect as punctuation.

To sum up, “Eternal Sunshine” is a musical journal of a life lived very publicly by someone with a Beyoncé/Taylor-level capacity to give just enough to keep her most invested followers informed and guessing (and, of course, titillated). Obviously, the title is ironic. 



Bright Future

Adrienne Lenker

BY QUINN MCCLURG

First thing’s first: fans of Lenker or their other band Big Thief know exactly what to expect with this album. Of course, the fact that the album opens with a family dog dying (“Real House”) should cue in everyone else; this is the slowcore, bittersweet, queer-country fitted sheet we’ve all come to love, laying down on and crying.

But it’s not all melancholia and mania—in fact, Lenker balances the tone, tempo, and instrumentation quite well, knowing just the right amount of pluck to provide a varied, yet very easy listening experience.

The album shifts thematically too, developing each repeated and common thesis with new and breathtaking complexity. Early lyrics like “Do you wanna go to the river? / I know this spot so deep and green / With wild raspberries and apple trees / And rocks to climb between / Water like a washing machine” (“Free Treasure”) develop with a gentle profundity in later lines like “Please deliver their angel eyes / On the wings of moths and dragonflies / Through the morning and evening their sun set my sunrise / Let them come to me like the breath I’m taking” (“Cell Phone Says”).

The escapism provided through this sanctified and pastoral imagery is, at the same time, both indulgent and aware: “This whole world is dying / Don’t it seem like a good time for swimming / Before all the water disappears?” (“Donut Seam”).

In a world that seems to be (more than ever) actively ending or beyond repair (especially for someone like Lenker who does not define their gender identity / sexuality), slow art like this is an important place for catharsis and revelation, quiet hope and loud despair, escape and coming to terms with staying right where you are, standing still in the “sadness gift” of it all.

In short, “Bright Future” is a solid 7/10. 



Emergence

Blanke

BY GABRIEL MATIAS CASTILHO

On March 22nd we saw the emergence... No this is not the start of a science fiction novel, it is actually the day the Australian music producer and DJ John Paul Orchison—otherwise known as Blanke—terraformed the landscape to introduce us to his new EP. The plant-based DJ’s new EP consists of six very diverse songs: some incredibly heart-warming, others incredibly heart-ripping.

The EP starts really, really well. The first song “Heaven”, which also is my favorite from the compilation, is a collaboration with German music producer Rival and singer/songwriter from Nashville KC. The track not only incorporates Rival’s signature strings, pondering melodies and dualities on the first drop, but also Blanke’s passionate and colorful melodies on the second part, a true counterpoint. KC did an incredible job at calming things down when they needed to be, as well as hooking the audience on the introduction with her angelic voice, but when the guitar strings come along, we know we are there for a ride: the start of the apocalypse.

After this song is when we discover how Blanke’s colors have been really changing, as he steps into his new era. There are no more colorful melodies on “Alphane” and “Data”, just an immersion into death and destruction. The annihilation is finalized with “Turmoil”, a collaboration with the Denver-based “wizard of the bass” Au5, razing buildings to the ground and leaving up a new landscape.

This landscape is filled with love as “Heavy Heart”, a collaboration with Canadian producer Grant and singer Your Friend Polly, takes over. Flowers and trees grow on this new landscape as “Crashing Hard”, a collaboration with LA-based vocalist Casey Cook, ends the compilation.

The world is now a new place, in this adventure guided by Blanke. 

The Wake




Fine Ho, Stay

Flo Milli

BY VISHALLI ALAGAPPAN

Following the widespread commercial success of “Never Lose me,” Flo Milli released “Fine Ho, Stay” to wrap up the “Ho” trilogy debuted back in 2020 with “Ho, Why Is You Here?” The album cover features the rapper in a cute pose with her hand under her chin and a bright psychedelic dress, with 70s hair against an orange background. This cover is by far my favorite and I think it suits the vibe of this album.

The album starts out strong with absolute bangers like “New Me,” “Got the Juice,” and “Neva” and reaches its peak with the “Never Lose Me” remix featuring SZA and Cardi B. The first third of the album accentuates the typical addictive rhythms that Flo Milli is known for. We see Flo claim her sexual prowess and assert her feminine power as she wholly embraces herself. “Never Lose me” is definitely the crown jewel of this album and I was firmly seated for its smooth seductive beat. Although I adored the new verses in this version, I was disappointed that Flo’s distinct zest was overpowered by SZA and Cardi.

The album does get repetitive after the remix and many of the songs blur together. I will say that one of my personal favorites, “Edible” appears in the mostly monotonous latter half. “Edible” has a suave, laid-back melody that plays well with Flo’s sensual lyricism. “Tell Me What You Want” adds a fresh electric-funk spice to the album and the original version of “Never Lose Me” winds up the album. Songs from this album will definitely be making their way into my numerous playlists, but not all of them were bangers, so adjust your expectations as you listen to Flo Milli’s new album. 




I’ve Told the Trees Everything EP

Dermot Kennedy

BY AMINA AHMED

Dermot Kennedy’s fifth EP, “I’ve Told the Trees Everything”, is a love letter to the trees and woodlands he grew up around. An artist that has always been grounded in the nature around him, Kennedy finds solace in drawing back to the trees he grew up with that seemed like such rooted and solid beings.

The EP, which tackles the themes of losing love and being thankful for it at the same time, often does so through these sentient trees as well. “Two Hearts”, which is a beautiful depiction of how love can remain in finished relationships, mentions how the woodlands can be both beautiful and used to pour your heart out when experiencing the pain of a lost love.

The sounds of the EP itself seem to reflect the calmness and centeredness Kennedy feels around the woodlands as well, since the majority of the songs share subdued tones. The soft melodies of the guitar and piano in this EP juxtapositioned with the rasp of his voice are unlike anything I’ve ever heard. At first, you’d think the two opposing sounds wouldn’t mesh well together, but Kennedy’s raw emotive lyrics seem to tie the two together seamlessly. His blend of musical styles, folk and hip hop, creates a new type of sound that allows for softness and hardness to coexist simultaneously. 



Colin Bracewell

BY GABRIEL MATIAS CASTILHO & SHANNA SIVAKUMAR

Indie singer-songwriter Colin Bracewell is a student here at the University of Minnesota, Twin Cities. Born and raised with music in his ears, Colin is a Marketing and Vocal Performance major. He has performed at First Avenue's 7th Street Entry and recently released a four-piece EP titled "Cozy". His music is reminiscent of Bruno Major, Daniel Caesar, and UMI, just to name a few examples. For The Wake Magazine's 10th issue, our Cities intern, Gabriel Matias Castilho, sat down to interview the artist himself.

Q: An introduction for the masses, please:

C: Hi everyone, my name is Colin Bracewell. I am a marketing and vocal performance major here at the University of Minnesota. I am also a singer-songwriter by the name of Colin Bracewell.

Q: When did your career begin?

C: I started making my own music, probably, well— I started writing my own music, like, 10 years ago. I distinctly remember making a YouTube video and posting about the first song I ever wrote. But I didn't start performing and producing and all that stuff with my current band until about three years ago. Yeah, that's how it all started.



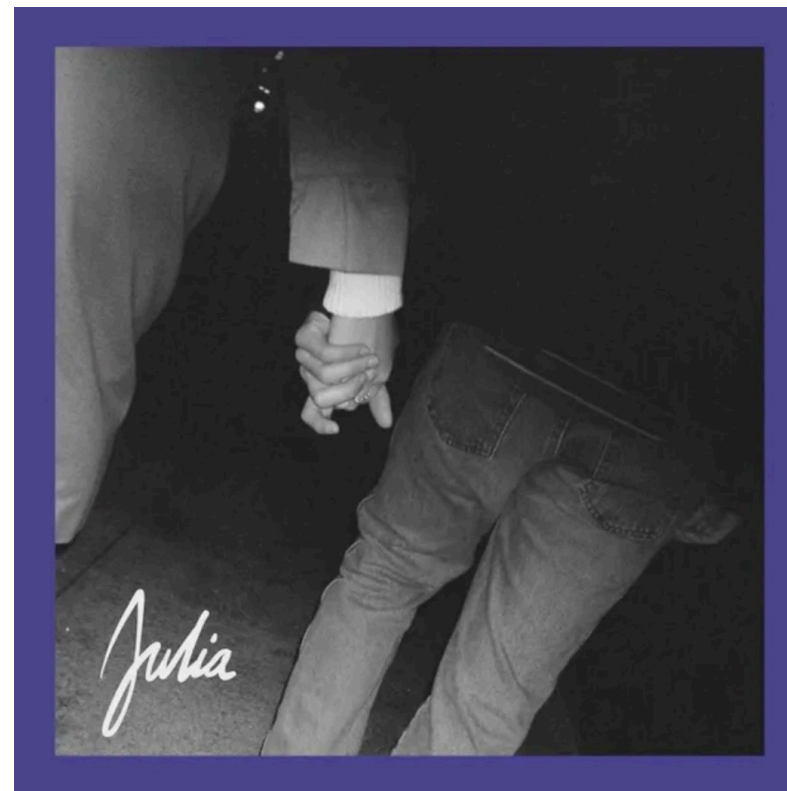
Q: Do you have that initial YouTube video now?

C: I'm not gonna play it— [laughs] I'm not gonna play it right now, but yeah, here they all are. The first YouTube video that I ever uploaded was August 2nd, 2011. It has 335 views and 9 likes. Yeah, I think that was when I posted my first song that I ever wrote.

Q: How did it feel to do your first concert?

C: My first concert— my first legit concert— I played at 7th Street Entry in 2020. And it was March 11th or March 13th of 2020. So it was right before COVID happened. And I opened for this guy named Billy Raffoul. It was definitely a surreal experience. I still remember doing soundcheck and everything, because that was the first time I had ever done a soundcheck, and the 7th Street Entry's people who are like, musicians in the Twin Cities: they know that's a pretty important and historical venue. I played a thirty-minute opening set and I think I played all originals— and it's funny because I don't think I play any of those songs anymore. That was my first real taste of performing with my own sounds and with my own songs that I had been writing — And I was nineteen at the time? I had done other stuff before, but that was the first, legit concert that I had done.

Q: A sneak peek behind the scenes of his



November release, "Julia":

C: I tracked the trumpet on it [the song], bass, drums, saxophone, there's some, like, key parts that I tracked pretty easily, by just using my MIDI keyboard. I had one of my friends record her vocals on it. This is the whole project. The song is called "Julia". The name is just ... what I wrote the song about, no particular story. I mean, there is a story, but it's not super closely related to what it's— the song's— about.

Q: What instruments can you play, and why choose those?

A: I started on the violin when I was four, and that was just because my family had grown up playing violin, so it was kind of like a rite of passage. And then, I remember, I started doing choir in fifth grade. I was still doing violin, but I was at a different level than everyone else was, since I had been studying and playing since I was really small. So I ended up learning to play the viola, while everyone else was learning to play the violin. Then, once middle school hit, like, eighth grade, I remember I was just not a fan of the violin anymore. I guess at that point, I was twelve or thirteen, so I had been doing it for almost ten years. I decided to pick up the saxophone during the second half of seventh grade. Then I joined the jazz band in high school. I fell in love with the saxophone. Then I started playing ukulele



way back in the day, in 2011. I remember thinking I would never be able to play guitar. I was like, "ugh, I'll just stay with ukulele for the rest of my life 'cause it's so easy, you know? And like, guitar is six strings instead of four." But then in eighth or ninth grade, I started learning the guitar. I then started playing three-hour cover gigs.

There's [also] a drum kit behind you. I actually played drums in the jazz band in my sophomore year of high school. So I did that for a little bit. And then in freshman year [of high school] I started playing guitar and singing. Now, I primarily just do guitar and singing for most of my performances. For producing, I track my own bass, I track saxophone, vocals, obviously, and then I have someone else do drums. In an ideal world, I would just play all of them [the instruments] when I perform, but that's just not possible [laughs].

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